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DAN CUMMINS
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COVER HONEYS
MISHA CROSS &
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+
KELLY COLLINS
ALYX STAR
IRIS IVY
REYNA BELLE
WHITNEY OC
& NICOLE ARIA

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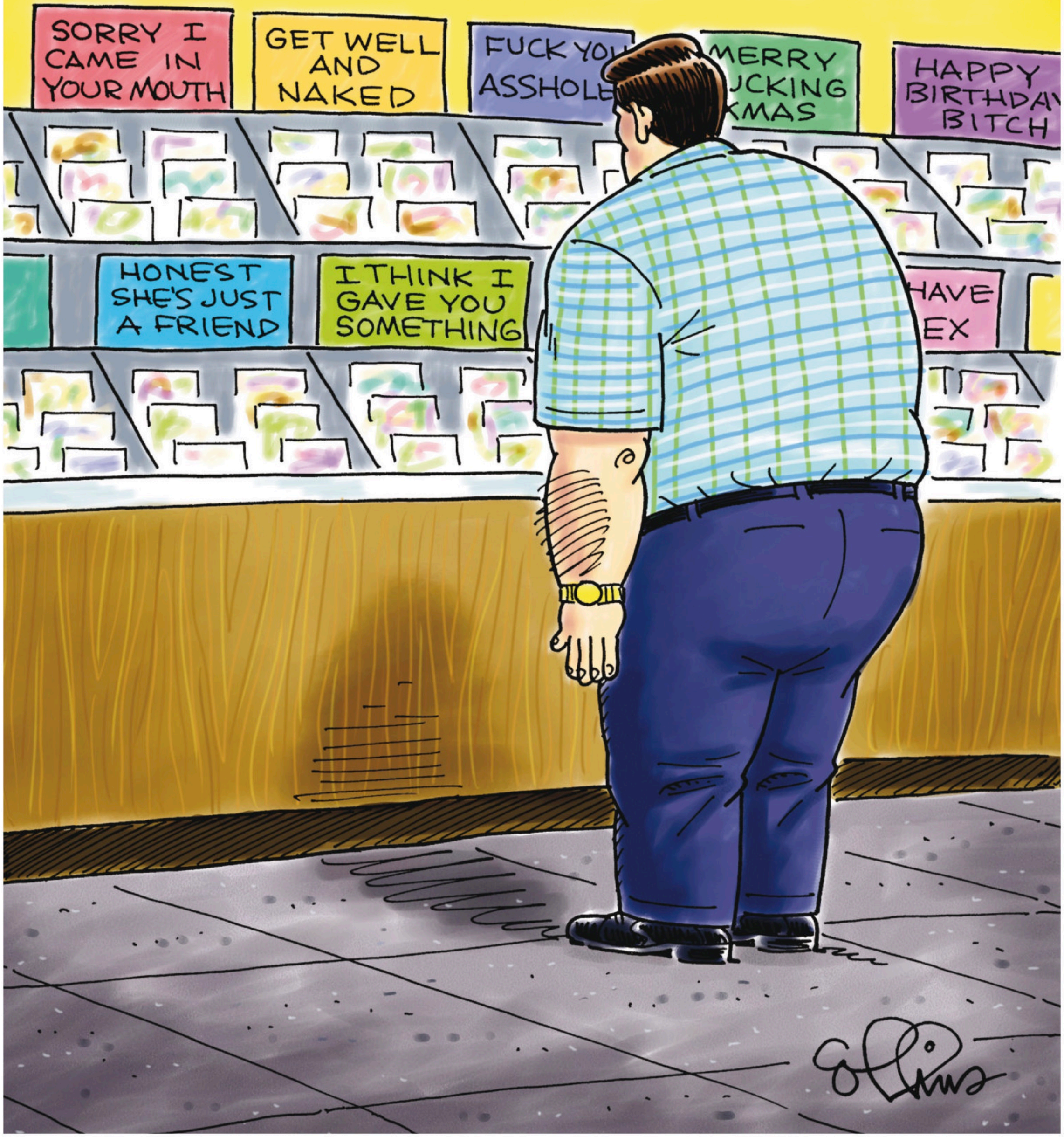
SORRY I CAME IN YOUR MOUTH
GET WELL AND NAKED
FUCK YOU ASSHOLE
MERRY JCKING KMAS
HAPPY BIRTHDAY BITCH
HONEST SHE'S JUST A FRIEND
I THINK I GAVE YOU SOMETHING
HAVE EX

JUNE 2024
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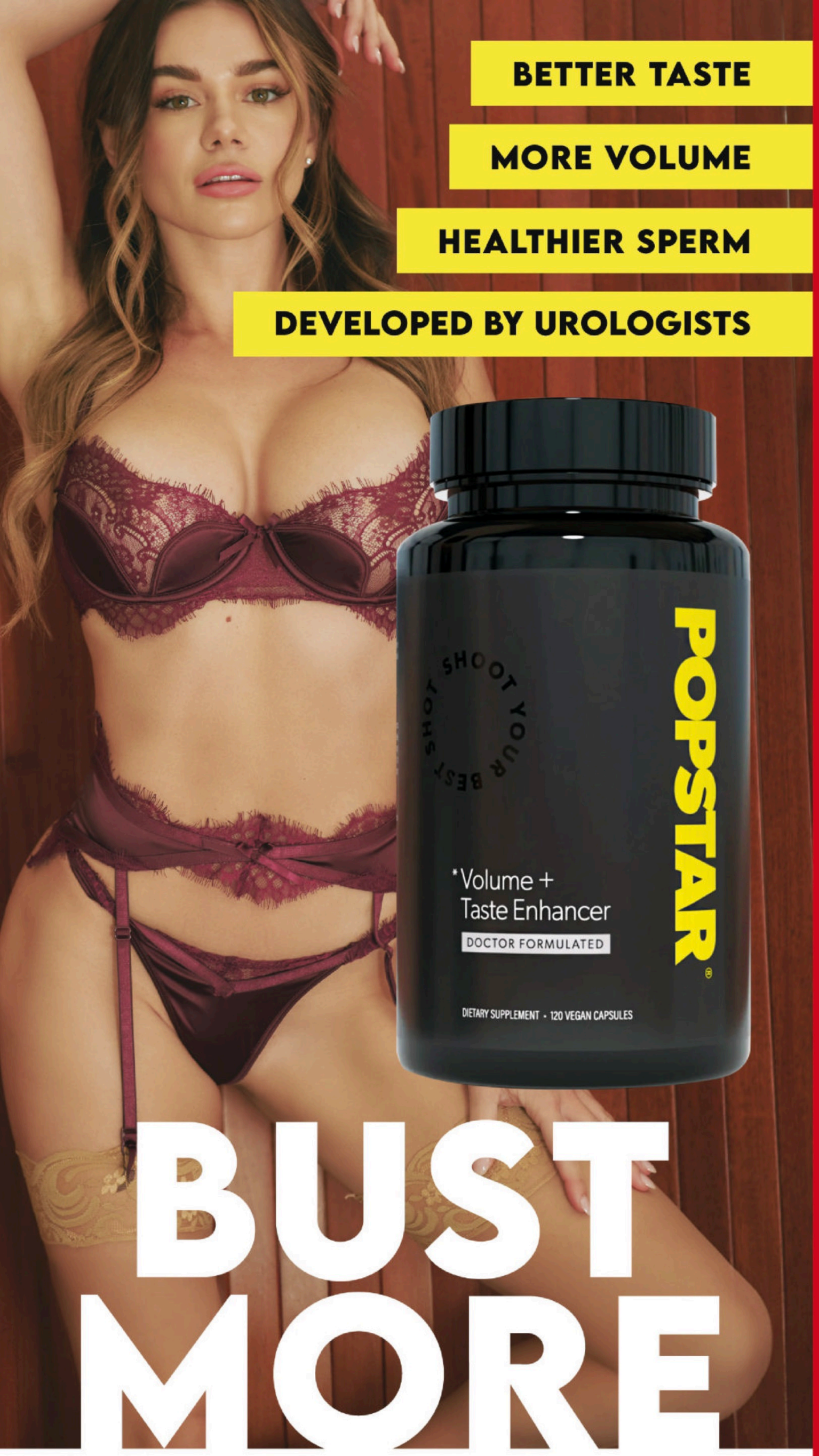

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RECORDS & ARCHIVES
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NETWORK SYSTEMS
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ADVERTISING
Wendy Camacho *Advertising Production Coordinator*
FOR ADVERTISING INQUIRIES:
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HUSTLER (ISSN-0149-4635), Vol. 51, No. 01, June 2024. The U.S. edition of **HUSTLER** is published monthly by LFP Publishing Group, LLC, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 4200N, Los Angeles, CA 90067.

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SUBSCRIPTION INFORMATION: For subscription customer service, call 800-566-5760. A one-year subscription is $44.95 (13 issues). This price represents **HUSTLER**'s standard subscription rate and should not be confused with special subscription offers sometimes advertised. **No international orders accepted except Canada.** Back issues (available for USA orders only) are $15 to $25 each, postage and taxes included. Change of address: Allow six weeks' advance notice, and send in both your old and new addresses. ATTENTION POSTMASTER: Send change of address to: **HUSTLER**, P.O. Box 16537, North Hollywood, CA 91615-9355. Periodicals postage paid at Beverly Hills, California, and at additional mailing offices. **HUSTLER** is registered in the United States Patent and Trademark Office to LFP IP, LLC, which licenses the mark to LFP Publishing Group, LLC. **PRINTED IN CANADA**.

The publisher maintains the records relating to images in this periodical required by 18 U.S.C. §2257, which records are located at the office of the manufacturer, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 4200N, Los Angeles, CA 90067, custodian of records. All nude models are 18 years of age or older. Date of publication is May 2, 2024.

Cover photo by Ellen Stagg

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REPRODUCTIVE RIGHTS ARE HUMAN RIGHTS

Republicans fully intend to strip women of their reproductive rights and return this country to the days of back-alley abortions.

It's not enough that 50 years of precedent were obliterated when the Supreme Court overturned *Roe* v. *Wade* two years ago and that 14 states now have extreme laws on their books almost completely banning abortions. Now right-wing religious zealots led by Erin Hawley are arguing before the Court that mifepristone—the safe, effective, accessible abortion pill—should be outlawed.

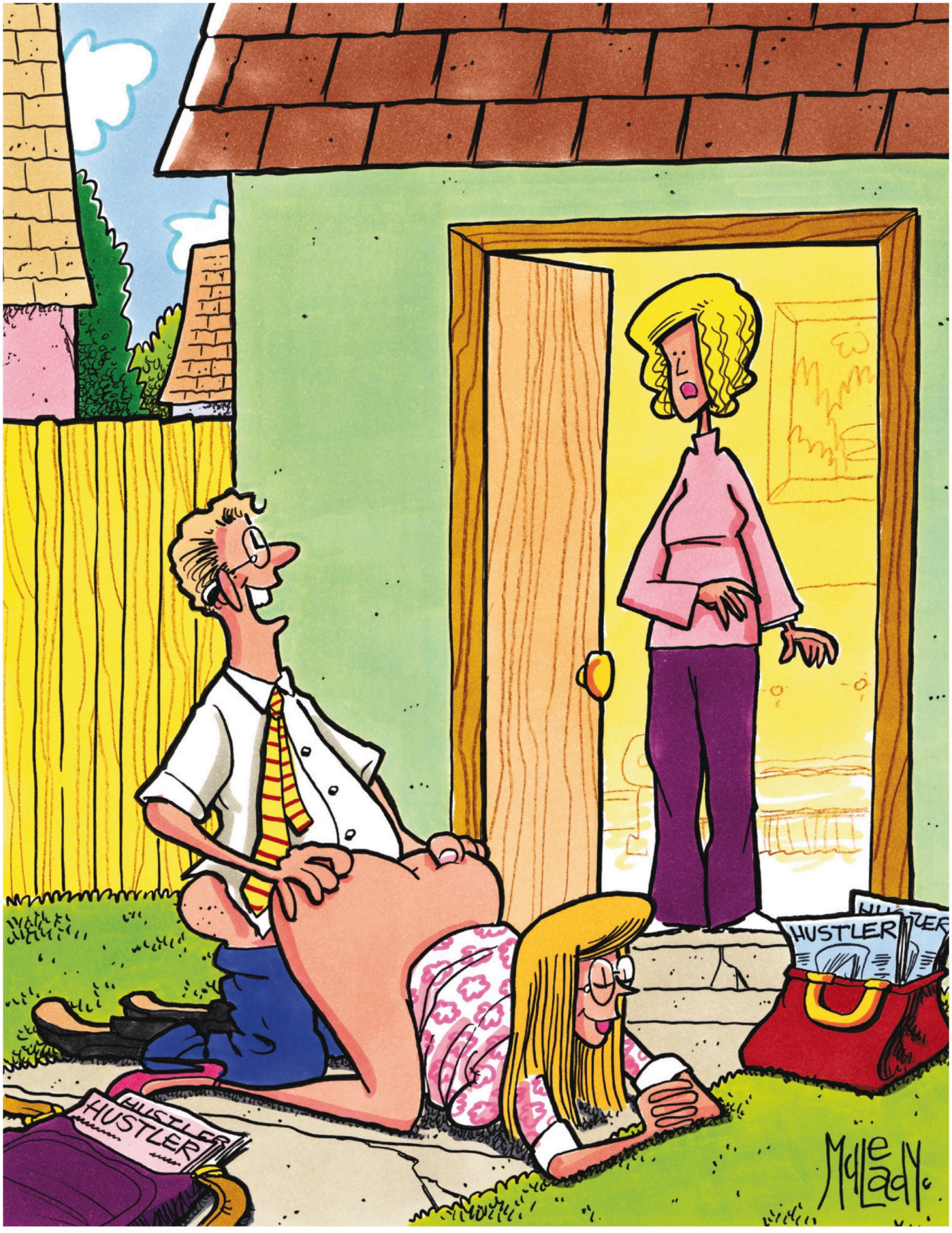
A *vast* majority of Americans believe that abortions should be legal—85% according to a 2023 Gallup poll—and yet we are permitting a vocal minority of evangelicals to keep chipping away at our hard-earned rights.

Since *Roe* fell, a woman's right to choose has been on the ballot in seven states—both blue and red—and in every single case antiabortion groups have lost. But make no mistake, if Donald Trump is elected in November, it won't matter how you voted on this issue in your state; there will most likely be a federal national ban on abortions. President Biden, on the other hand, has pledged to the country that he will restore *Roe* v. *Wade* protections as the law of the land.

So listen up, America, if you are part of the 85% who want to protect women's rights, then no matter what your political stripe, you *must* vote Democrat for President come November.

And for more on piece of work Erin Hawley, HUSTLER's *Asshole of the Month,* turn the page.

Liz Flynt
Publisher



"We weren't having any luck selling Bibles, so we switched to HUSTLER Magazine. Have you heard the word of Larry Flynt today?"

According to a Gallup poll conducted in May 2023, 85% of Americans believe abortion should be legal to some degree, with 34% favoring no restrictions at all and 51% in favor of abortion with some restrictions. Only 13% believe that abortion should be illegal under any circumstances, mainly Catholics and evangelical Christians. Yet this shrill minority is hell-bent on making their antiquated, faith-based obsession the law of the land. And it's not only the patriarchy. There has always been a strong contingent of conservative women leading the fight to abolish abortion, from Phyllis Schlafly to Penny Nance, Alveda King and Elisabeth Hasselbeck.

ERIN HAWLEY

A new heroine of the back-to-the-Middle-Ages movement is lawyer Erin Hawley, wife of Missouri Republican Senator Josh Hawley. You remember Josh, the ringleader of attempts to overturn the electoral college vote count in 2020 and install his hero, Trump? The man who cheered on insurrectionists and then fled when they breached the Capitol on January 6th? Well, meet the missus.

Erin grew up on a cattle ranch near Folsom, New Mexico, population 50, but eventually migrated to the East Coast and graduated from Yale Law School. Since then, she's become a Bible-thumping legal eagle with Alliance Defending Freedom (ADF), a Christian advocacy group linked to religious zealots like current House Speaker Mike Johnson, former VP Mike Pence, Supreme Court Justice Amy Coney Barrett, Jeff Sessions and of course hubby Hawley too.

In 2018, the ADF helped craft Mississippi's law banning abortions past the first 15 weeks of pregnancy. It was specifically designed to provoke a legal battle that would go all the way to the Supreme Court and, they prayed, roll back the clock for abortion rights across the nation. The draconian new law was challenged by Mississippi's only abortion clinic, resulting in the *Dobbs* v. *Jackson Women's Health Organization* case. Three years later, Erin packed her bags and flew down to Mississippi to guide the legal strategy that eventually resulted in *Dobbs* overturning *Roe* v. *Wade*, sparking a whole raft of new antiabortion laws in red states. In fact, in 14 states, abortions are now almost completely banned, with limited exceptions. Erin spends her time helping these states push back against legal challenges to these extreme laws.

How extreme? Take what happened to Kate Cox, a pregnant Texas woman whose fetus was diagnosed with a lethal condition known as trisomy 18, or Edwards syndrome, at 20 weeks. According to the Cleveland Clinic, almost all such pregnancies result in miscarriage or stillbirth. Of those who do survive, no more than 10% live past their first birthday. Continuing the pregnancy, Ms. Cox's lawsuit stated, would result not only in a dead child but also severe complications that could threaten her life or make her infertile, incapable of having more children. But the doctors were hidebound by the state's new law outlawing all abortions after a fetal heartbeat is detected, usually at six weeks (when many women don't even realize they are pregnant). Ms. Cox sued and won, but Texas attorney general Ken Paxton intervened and petitioned the state's Supreme Court, which overruled the district court. Ms. Cox was forced to travel outside of Texas to terminate the dangerous pregnancy. She had the funds to do this. Many women do not.

Even conservative pundit Ann Coulter tweeted, "The pro-life movement has gone from compassion for the child to cruelty to the mother (and child). Trisomy 18 is not a condition that is compatible with life." But tragedy does not deter Erin Hawley from her mission to strip women of reproductive rights. Her latest battle? Arguing a case meant to outlaw the abortion pill, mifepristone, before the U.S. Supreme Court in *FDA* v. *Alliance for Hippocratic Medicine*.

In March, she argued that emergency room physicians who are opposed to abortion cannot be forced to treat a woman who has aborted her fetus with mifepristone and may need help to complete the procedure and save her life. "Completing an elective abortion means removing an embryo fetus, whether or not they're alive, as well as placental tissue," she stated before the Court. Yet these doctors remove dead fetal tissue and placentas all the time from women who experience miscarriage. And there is already an exemption in federal and many state laws for doctors who object to abortion: They are not obligated to perform one. But Hawley argued that an ER doc, somewhere at some time in the future, may not know for sure if a woman needing urgent intervention to save her life is there due to miscarriage or use of the abortion pill, so they may be forced to violate their precious conscience while saving her life. The only solution to prevent such rare possible tragedies? A total ban on mifepristone nationwide! Or at least regulations to make it near impossible to acquire.

The case is expected to be decided in June, and so far, the Justices seem to be skeptical of Hawley's tortured reasoning. But Hawley, undeterred by the pressure of making oral arguments before the Court for the first time, remained confident: "Christians are called to work with excellence but also to rest in the knowledge that God is sovereign, and that we can trust the results to Him," she said. "To have the faith that all of it is in His hands, I think does help."

The ADF has also challenged the FDA's initial approval of mifepristone as reckless and claims it is unsafe. That argument is pure bullshit. In March, *The New York Times* reviewed over 100 scientific studies in 26 countries over 30 years, which demonstrated that the abortion pills are 95% effective and a vast majority showing that 99% of patients who took the pills had no serious complications. No, ADF's farce is a gambit to ban all abortion, period.

But Evangelical Erin is not content to strip away women's rights; she's attacking the LGBTQ community as well. A recent *New York Times* article stated that Hawley is "becoming synonymous with conservative social-issue cases. She worked on *303 Creative*, the case in which the Supreme Court Justices ruled in favor of a Colorado web designer who cited the First Amendment in refusing to serve same-sex couples." It is worth noting that Hawley's ADF has been designated as an anti-LGBTQ hate group by the Southern Poverty Law Center.

Holy roller Hawley's mission in life seems to be turning back the clock to that dangerous time of back-alley abortions. She would no doubt like to keep women pregnant and in the kitchen and LGBTQ individuals in the closet. We think the Supreme Court will slap her with a well-deserved defeat in the abortion pill case. In fact, there are signs her efforts will backfire big-time, galvanizing Americans to get to the polls this November to protect—and restore—our hard-fought rights. H

PHOTO BY SIPA USA/ALAMY

KELLY COLLINS

“I’M PRETTY KINKY”

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
DAVIDE ESPOSITO

I've always been a sexual person, but when I was younger, I was only in long-term relationships, so I didn't have a lot of experience with different partners. That all changed during the last relationship I had before entering the industry. That's when I discovered I was polyamorous. My partner and I began experimenting, and that was it—I totally left traditional relationships behind!

"I'm pretty kinky. I enjoy dirty talk and foot fetishism, but really, I'm open to pretty much anything. I get off on unusual and nasty sexual experiences and anything that makes me push my limits. And I *love* thick dicks. Put a fat cock in front of me, and I'll worship it all day—and all night—long."

KELLY'S VITAL FACTS

HOME COUNTRY: **Russia** | AGE: **24**
HEIGHT: **5-5** | MEASUREMENTS: **34B-24-33**
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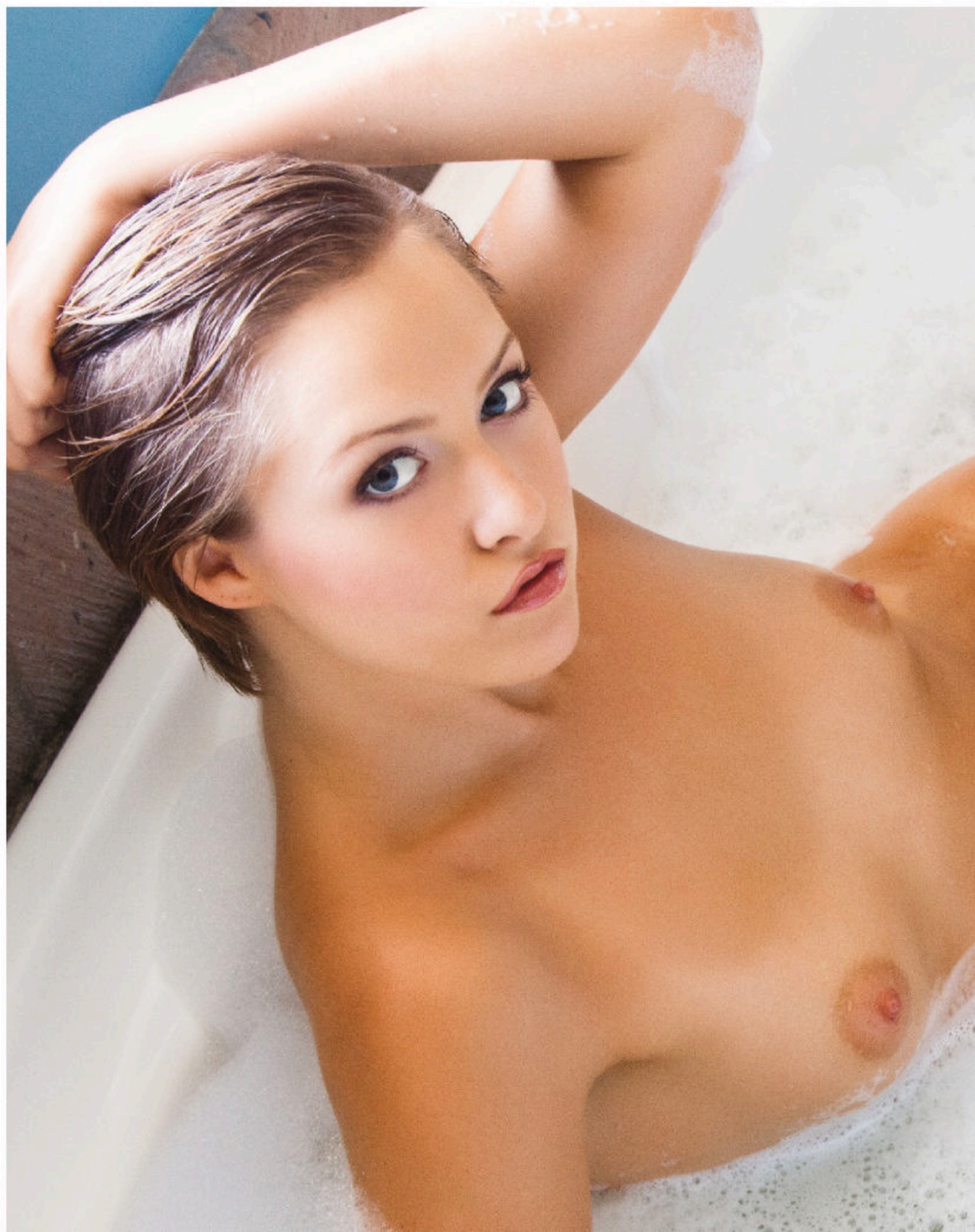
HOT LETTERS

EVERY YEAR WE RECEIVE HUNDREDS OF STEAMY LETTERS FROM YOU, OUR READERS. HERE ARE A FEW OF OUR HOTTEST HOT LETTERS, THE BEST OF THE BEST. SO LOCK THE DOOR. WARM UP YOUR FINGERS OR YOUR FAVORITE TOY. GET COMFORTABLE. AND ENJOY.



HOW TO PICK UP WOMEN

She knew me as Ethan, a campaign manager for a politician who had just won a senate seat. The girl was wholly enamored with the world of politics. I'd learned that much before we'd ordered our second drink at the lounge. And so I became exactly what Angela wanted me to be. In pretending to play a leading role in politics, I fulfilled her favorite fantasy, and now that we were back in my hotel room, she was fulfilling mine.

With slow passes of her tongue, Angela lapped at my nut sac. She was kneeling behind me, and she mouthed each ball individually, tugging with her full lips, before rimming my asshole and jabbing her taster in deep. Fuck! Angela was 20, maybe 21, a junior in college, but I'll tell you what—her sex education was definitely complete.

I could feel her big titties rubbing against the back of my thighs. Now one hand came around, and her fingers played lightly over my shaft. My shooter was like granite. I looked over my shoulder to see the young, voluptuous blonde tongue-dicking my poop chute, and I thought to myself, *Life is good.*

Two years ago I was your basic traveling salesman, moving from town to town, accumulating more air miles in a week than most people do their whole lives. But sometimes I felt so damn lonely, I paid for outcall just to talk to women. Then one day I discovered a secret.

I was sitting in an empty bar in downtown Chicago, nursing a scotch, when all of a sudden dozens of young beauties rushed through the doors, clamoring for booze. I arched an eyebrow at the bartender, who grumbled something about a rock concert letting out down the street. Then I simply enjoyed the view for a bit—all those long legs and perky titties and barely covered young flesh—till a particularly stunning brunette mistook me for the band's record producer. I guess I really should have told her my true identity, but soon I had two blondes, the brunette and a redhead hanging on my every word—and buying *me* drinks!

But that wasn't the best part. The best part came later, when all four incredible babes followed me back to the room to give their "favorite record producer ever!" anything—literally fuckin' anything—

SUPERTIGHT PUSSY, SPIT-DRENCHED BLOWJOBS, BALL-BUSTING ANAL—THESE GIRLS GAVE ME ANYTHING MY HEART DESIRED.

his heart desired: supertight pussy, spit-drenched blowjobs, ball-busting anal. After three amazing orgasms, when my dick was finally too tired to rise, the girls formed an awesome lesbian daisy chain. I'd never seen anything so hot in my life!

That's when I had an epiphany. I realized then that role-playing was the way to go. Find out what a woman's truly into, whether it's music or politics, fashion or Wall Street, and become a major player in that world for one night. Of course, it's better to pick a figure behind the footlights, like a producer or a campaign manager, someone whose image isn't splashed all over the internet and TV. In fact, your mark will screw you all the harder to get to her main goal, the actual musician, the actual politician, etc.

Okay, now that I've told you my secret, let's get back to Angela, the gorgeous blond Republican rimming my bunghole so eagerly. I couldn't help myself. I had to fuck this conservative beauty up the ass. As a Democrat, it somehow seemed appropriate, you know. I merely mentioned my desire, and there she was on all fours, her face pressed to the floor and her full, round tush raised skyward. Spreading her globes, I let saliva drizzle from my lips to her butt crack. Then I smeared it around her starfish with my prick cap and pushed.

It was slow going. I had a feeling Angela was an anal virgin, that's how tight her dirt chute was. Inch by pulsing inch I drove home, with the blonde moaning, "Jesus!" and then "More!"

With my nuts pressed against her buns, I started jacking her clitty button. Because, really, I'm not an asshole. I'd like my lover to come first before I take my own pleasure. Angela was soon screaming my pretend name as she trembled through a very real orgasm. Her pooper squeezed and released and squeezed my prick, and I was coming hard, filling her bung with so much jism, it seeped back out around my cock.

The next day found me on a plane, flying off to the next city, and I wondered what new role awaited me there. These days I love my job.

—W.L.
Hammond, Indiana

URINE LUCK! Warm, wonderful urine splashed over my titties and streamed in rivulets down my belly. As Rob's golden arc moved lower, I spread my legs wide. His pee was now raining down on my pussy bush. Droplets sparkled in my auburn curls. Using both hands, I pinned my cunt flaps. Then I held my breath in anticipation. The boy toyed with me a little, teasing my thighs with his spray before finally a direct hit.

His piss targeted my pink and clit, and I was coming. Heaven washed over me in waves. I fell back into the bathtub, into that golden pool, and felt complete, uninhibited bliss. So this was *kink!*

I had always been a fairly ordinary girl who played by the rules. You know, I worked nine to five, didn't get drunk on weeknights, paid my parking tickets on time, rarely called in sick. I didn't fuck on a first date and never, ever fucked without condoms. Then I met Robert.

He was just a boy I noticed one day at the gym while I was kickboxing. Robert was hard not to notice—sculpted arms and thighs and cute little handful butt cheeks. Thick raven-black hair. Nice cheekbones.

I masturbated thinking about him in bed that night. And the next day, to my delight, there he was at the gym again. We partnered up for a kickboxing session. It went really well, actually. It was like we encouraged each other to work harder. At the end of the hour he asked me out for that evening. It was a Tuesday night, and I was on deadline at the office. Still, Robert was way too hot to brush off till the weekend, so I gave him an enthusiastic "Yes!"

We started at a small bar at the beach for happy hour, with pitchers of delicious ice-cold lager. We ended up in Hollywood, stumbling through Madame Tussauds museum, snapping pics with wax celebrities.

I don't even remember what it was anymore—maybe Robert humping Beyoncé's butt—but something set me to laughing so hysterically, I peed my pants. I couldn't help it. Too much beer.

Embarrassment flushed my cheeks as I felt the wet spot spread on my jeans. It was dark in the museum, so I was hoping Rob wouldn't notice. He did. But strangely enough, his eyes lit up, and after that he was all over me, kissing, pawing, suggesting we head back to my place.

I was drunk and full-on in lust. If ever there was a time to relax my rules, this was it. It wasn't long before we were naked, in my bedroom, and that's when he mentioned his special kink.

I guess I should have been shocked, but I wasn't. I was more curious and anxious to please. We moved to the bathroom, where Rob gently settled me into my claw-foot tub and begged me to try to hold my water while he did his thing. That's where we came into this letter.

I could not believe how good it felt to have his golden urine coating my body. It was so liberating! My climax brought sweet release and, with it, my own gushing pee.

As soon as Robert saw my stream, he was hard and in the tub with me. Clutching my hips, he maneuvered me over top of him such that my piss was hitting his throbber full-force. It felt crazy good, empowering somehow.

While my waterfall was still going strong, his prick slammed right into my pissing pussy. His hips were bucking off the porcelain, and his cock was slamming my snizz deep, while my hot urine still gushed over his nut sac. It was erotic overload, vanilla sex times ten.

HIS PISS TARGETED MY PUSSY AND CLIT, AND I WAS COMING. HEAVEN WASHED OVER ME IN WAVES. I FELL BACK INTO THE BATHTUB, INTO THAT GOLDEN POOL. SO THIS WAS *KINK!*

When my stream ended, I leaned down to bite on his nipples. Suddenly it occurred to me to reach back and plug the bathtub, to keep some of our kink with us to splash around in. The aroma was intoxicating.

Robert's long, hard cock was touching me where I'd never been touched. How the hell did he know exactly where my G spot was? When I started climaxing a second time, he lifted his piss-slick fingers to my mouth to suck. And finally he came with me, spurting bareback right into my pussy.

I still felt the warm glow as we showered, soaping and rinsing between passionate kisses. Then I asked Robert to sleep over. And come morning, I called in sick to work.

—A.L.
Marina del Rey, California

MADAM X The feather trailed lightly up my body, tickling and tormenting my feet, my ankles, the inside of my thighs. It caressed my nut sac and kissed my erect fuckstick ever so briefly before continuing up my belly to toy with my nipples.

I was bound, naked and spread-eagle, on a hard metal table. Strips of leather tied my wrists and ankles to posts at the four corners of the table, and if I moved too quickly or struggled, the leather cut into my skin. My mind and every nerve in my body was focused solely on the tip of that feather brushing over my skin. It was sheer torture. And it was just what I needed.

The last month had been hell, what with budget cuts and layoffs. As human resources director of a midsize manufacturing company, it had been my job to decide who stayed and who went, and the stress was fuckin' killing me. After all, I had been promoted from within the company and had worked the production lines with many of our employees—the same employees who were now sitting across the desk from me, holding head in hands as I delivered the news that they were the latest victims of our latest downsizing.

Sleep started to completely evade me, and a nervous breakdown was right around the corner. That's when an executive friend of mine stepped in and invited me out for a drink. After about three or four Johnnie Walker Reds, he mentioned what he did to relieve stress, slipped me a card and told me he'd already booked me an appointment.

So there I was, at the mercy of a woman I knew only as Madam X or Mistress. Latex and leather covered every inch of her curves, save for her long, erect red nipples and her meaty cunt folds. She was tall and brunet and so voluptuous, I drooled around the ball gag stuffed between my lips.

Knocking on her door only 30 minutes earlier, I had been very nervous, until I realized that she expected absolutely nothing from me but obedience. All control, all decisions were wrested from my grasp, and it felt damn good to give in and discover the joy of true submission.

My pulse quickened when Mistress exchanged the feather for a cat-o'-nine-tails. A cruel smile tugged at the corners of her lips as she flicked her whip against my thigh, just below my scrotum. Fuck, that hurt! I could feel the welts rise on my skin. The knotted leather stung my stomach, my chest. The whip landed all over my body, again and again, until the pain blurred and became something delicious. I could see my cock rise for the ceiling. It throbbed, begging for release. It was harder than it had ever been. Then all at once the whipping stopped.

SHE MASHED HER SNATCH DOWN OVER MY MOUTH. I LICKED AND TONGUED MISTRESS TO TWO GUSHING ORGASMS WHILE SHE SCRATCHED MY SHAFT WITH DAGGER-SHARP FINGERNAILS.

The world has never moved so slowly, never seemed so quiet. Every muscle in my body was strained taut. The leather cut into my ankles and wrists.

Finally Mistress bent over and blew ever so gently up and down my cock. And I was blasting up into the air like a geyser! Some of my spunk sprayed Mistress's cheek, and apparently I had not been given permission to climax. What followed was a tirade of demeaning, foul curses—I was a worm, a miserable degenerate fuck.

She was right. I whimpered pitifully around the rubber ball, and eventually Mistress showed mercy. Unstrapping the gag, she allowed me to lap the jism from her cheek, then suckle on her long nipples. When her breathing grew uneven, Mistress climbed onto the table, straddled my head and mashed her snatch down over my mouth. I licked and tongued that beautiful pink pussy to two gushing orgasms while she scratched my shaft with dagger-sharp fingernails. I got hard again in nothing flat.

When Madam X finally tired of my tongue, she cut my restraints with oversize, cold, metal scissors and ordered me to flip over on the table. She no longer needed to bind me; I was her slave.

From the corner of my eye, I saw her reach for a small wooden paddle. She rubbed it in circles over my ass cheeks for minutes. The friction and heat became intense. I started pressing my hard pecker into the table, I wanted to come so badly. And then…*whack!*

It was sheer torture. And exactly what I'd paid for.

—E.L.
Portland, Oregon

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ALYX STAR

ALL NATURAL

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
LARRY FLYNT PRODUCTIONS

The first time I shot a porn scene, I wasn't nervous at all. I was actually surprised at how at-ease I was. It was a completely natural experience. Being on camera was so hot—plus, the sex was great. I knew right then that I was going to shoot more scenes.

"Speaking of natural, yes, my tits are real: 34DDD and all me! I love having my nipples played with. I can get off just from that. Luckily for me, people really seem to enjoy playing with them!

"I'm attracted to both women and men, and I'm definitely dominant in the bedroom. I love to peg guys—and slap them and choke them. Being in control gets me off. The wildest thing I've ever done, though, was take part in a 15-person orgy. There was a *lot* of fucking going on that day!"

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JODIE STAR

OPEN INVITATION

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
MARK LIT FOR DIGITAL DESIRE

I'm not looking for love," announces the stunning **Jodie Starr**. "Love is nice, but lust is so much hotter. I'm looking for fun and sex—lots of hot, sweaty sex. Love is nice, but over time a couple gets too used to each other, and the thrill wears off. I want the excitement that comes the first time you get naked with a new guy. That's always incredible!"

The German-born beauty's ideal sex partner must be more than just well equipped. "I need a man who not only has a huge bratwurst," **Jodie** explains, "but also knows how to use it. All that meat is useless if he gets off too quickly and can't make me come. That's just no good. Men have to know that sex is not a race. There's no need to rush."

Sex isn't **Jodie**'s only passion. "When I was still living in Germany, I traveled all over Europe," she says. "I went to all the major cities and met lots of wonderful people. I'm pretty sure I've had sex in every place I visited."

"Now that I'm living in Los Angeles, I plan on taking trips all over the United States. It would be great to have sex in all 50 states. That would make a cool movie. Maybe if I decide to go full out into porn, I could do that. Call it *Starr Screws the States*."

Looking ahead, Jodie muses, "Life is full of options, especially in L.A. Will I do more nude modeling? Will I do porn? Will I become a Hollywood movie star? I don't know today, but maybe tomorrow I will."

JODIE'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Erlangen, Germany**

AGE: **20** | HEIGHT: **5-8**

FAVORITE POSITION: **On top**

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MISHA CROSS & AGATHA VEGA

GO FOR IT

PHOTOGRAPHY BY
ELLEN STAGG

I joined the adult industry because I wanted a career that's exciting *and* one allows me to be independent. Also because I enjoy fucking a whole lot. There are a ton of gorgeous women in the industry who I haven't worked with yet, but I'm looking to change that. I want to shoot hot, real, intimate lesbian sex—the kind where my hair gets messed up and I'm all sweaty, the kind where my partner makes my eyes roll back.

"Don't get me wrong—I love guys too. I give great, sloppy blowjobs, with lots of spit. And I adore anal sex. One thing I don't understand about men is their obsession with penis size. That doesn't matter to me, and trust me, most other women don't care either. You have to separate your dicks from your egos, guys." **—Misha**

MISHA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Poland**
AGE: **34** | HEIGHT: **5-6**
MEASUREMENTS: **32A-25-36**
FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy-style; missionary for anal**
X: **@XMISHACROSSX**
INSTAGRAM: **@wholesomemisha**

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XO Misha & Agatha

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AGATHA'S VITAL FACTS

HOMETOWN: **Caracas, Venezuela**

AGE: **27** | HEIGHT: **5-5**

MEASUREMENTS: **34B-23-35**

FAVORITE POSITION: **Doggy-style**

X: **@agathavegaaofc**

ONLYFANS: **@agathavegaa**

I've never been shy about going after what I want, and that's especially true of sex. Life's too short to deny yourself a good time. I like to be spontaneous and fuck in unusual places, and I'm always down for trying something new—like the nine-girl orgy I filmed for my OnlyFans. Super-hot! Next up, I want to get more into BDSM—you know, take a deep dive into my kinky side. Other fun facts? I love my big, round ass, and love shaking it to reggaeton, especially Bad Bunny." **—Agatha**

DAN CUMMINS NOTHING IS

INTERVIEW BY T.S. FARLEY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY BILL HOBEN

It's no surprise that Dan Cummins is a fan of the occult: On more than one occasion he's raised his career from the dead. Dan's own website describes his early comedy efforts as producing "minimal tour earnings" with "almost nonexistent" ticket sales. But Cummins clawed his way up to performing on *The Late Late Show With Craig Ferguson* and *The Tonight Show With Conan O'Brien*, not to mention advancing to the semifinals of two separate stints on *Last Comic Standing*. Successful today as both a podcaster and a touring comic, Dan joined HUSTLER from his Idaho compound for a chat about his enthusiasm for psychedelics of every kind, getting kicked in the balls (literally) at his first job after college, and being one of the rare comics whose heckler attacked him not only with words but with the jagged edge of a broken beer bottle.

HUSTLER: Thanks for your time, Dan.
DAN CUMMINS: Thank you! Like a lot of young men, I was a big HUSTLER fan growing up, and I think this is cool as hell.

Given that fact, what were you doing in 2016 working for *Playboy*?
Hahaha. It was just one of many random auditions I went on, and I didn't think I would get the job initially. I think they went through eight or nine possible people. You'd host the show for like a week to see how you vibed with the cohost, Andrea Lowell. I think what they liked about me is that I'm willing to talk about anything; nothing is taboo to me. Also, I wasn't super skeevy with the girls, so I could talk about sexual things with them or compliment them but not creep them out. I did it for two years. It had been a SiriusXM show, but when I did it, it was just a video show for their TV channel. I don't think many people watched in the States, but I would get messages from overseas, South America, other countries.

Sure, Dan, I'm big overseas too.
[*Laughs.*] Yeah, it's like my Canadian girlfriend.

You've got a bunch of tattoos, and many seem to have an occult theme.
Yeah, I do a horror podcast. Actually, horror was my first love, before comedy, and I like artwork of the spookier stuff—I guess I am a little bit of a weirdo. I travel, and I hate getting stuck in stupid conversations with people I don't like. These tattoos just eliminate those people. I have enough scarier-looking tattoos that strangers talk to me far less than they used to.

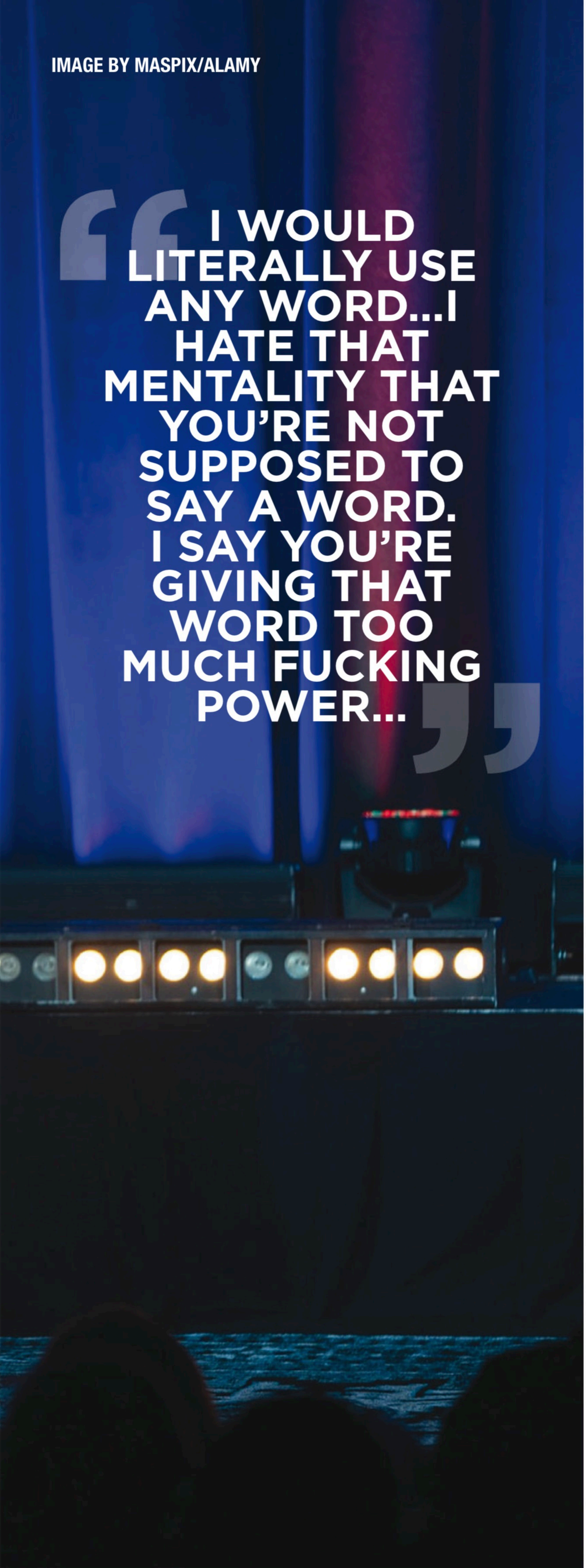
Was that interest in horror the reason your production company is called Bad Magic?
Yup, 'cause I had to think of something quick. I wish there was a more exciting story to it, but I had to incorporate to save money. I had to become an S corp real quick, basically on a phone call with my accountant at the time. He was like, "Just give me a name," and I've always had a fascination with terrible magicians. I'm not a big fan of magicians, and I worked with a couple, quote, unquote, comic magicians over the years, and they were just so bad, they were good in a weird way. So I actually enjoy a terrible magic show, and that just became Bad Magic.

You grew up in Idaho? You a big hunter?
Yeah, I hunt sometimes. It's more like I'll go with my dad. If I had more time, I'd go hunt with my friends. It's nice to be out in the woods, and I got a deer last year. Hunting freaks out some people, but it doesn't bother me. In Idaho, I was out in the woods when I was 12 years old with a .22 rifle, shooting any critter I wanted to. It sounds crazy to some people, but that's just how I grew up. My dad is quite the coyote sniper. He has some friends with a ranch in Southern Idaho, and they don't want the coyotes around their calves, so he kinda takes 'em out. People can complain, but it's like when people get worked up about hogs >>

TABOO

> HE BROKE HIS BOTTLE ON THE BAR AND WAS CHARGING THE STAGE. HE WAS GOING TO TRY TO MURDER ME.

PHOTO BY CHRIS MICHEL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I WOULD LITERALLY USE ANY WORD...I HATE THAT MENTALITY THAT YOU'RE NOT SUPPOSED TO SAY A WORD. I SAY YOU'RE GIVING THAT WORD TOO MUCH FUCKING POWER...

being shot in Texas. They don't understand wild hogs are an incredibly destructive species, and they breed very quickly, so you actually are doing ranchers and farmers a favor by eliminating those things. They'll take over and push out other animals. But growing up in Idaho was unusual, and now my wife and I, raising the kids, have constant conversations about it. I'll be like, "I never had to do that when I was a kid," or "My parents never had to do that." And she's basically like, "You could have grown up on another planet." It was 400 people in the middle of Idaho, literally an hour's drive from a town that had just one stoplight and a couple hours' drive from a mall or anything.

How did you get from there to comedy?

Initially I went to college because it was my only way to get out of the town. In Riggins, there used to be a logging industry, but there's not even that now. You kinda have to just do a variety of things, be a handyman, try to work or buy one of the little bars. There's just not that many jobs, and also, there was nobody doing comedy when I was growing up. We didn't even have any white-collar professionals. Literally none. There were no doctors or lawyers or executives, so all those things seemed foreign. So I liked comedy growing up, but people on *Saturday Night Live* and people doing stand-up might as well have been living in another world. I got a little scholarship and went to Gonzaga in Spokane, and I did some goofy stuff for their theater, not thinking I could ever make a living from that. I took a career aptitude test, and I didn't match up on anything except creative endeavors, but I didn't know how you were supposed to make money on that. I was struggling with what to do after I graduated, and my ex-wife said, "Why don't you go try this open mic?" I didn't even know open mics were a thing, so I 100% did it on a whim. Why not? Practiced for a week, threw something out and thought, *That was kinda fun*. The first couple years, it was just, *I'll do this for another month, I'll do this for two months, and then I'll reevaluate.*

How did it go the first time you went up?

I stacked the audience. I had a bunch of friends from college there, and it went well because of them. But now I've watched it, I can say objectively that it is *not* funny. I got tricked because I had a loaded audience the first few times, but then I went with the other comics to another local bar for an open mic, and I was eviscerated. I had one guy so mad at me at a bar in Spokane that they had to intervene. He broke his bottle on the bar and was charging the stage. He was going to try to murder me, I guess. It was a really rough part of Spokane, and the guy who ran the open mic happened to know that guy and filled me in later how dangerous he actually was. It was just some random bar the promoter basically hijacked to do an open mic, but the regulars didn't want it. And it turns out that guy was fresh out of prison for, I dunno, assault, attempted murder, something serious, and he was trying to talk to this lady at the bar. He just didn't like us being there. As I'm trying to do jokes, he literally yelled, "Hey, shut the fuck up!" At first I thought he was kinda joking. I was like, "Hey, man, I'm supposed to be here." He was like, "No, seriously, shut the fuck up." And then I'm still trying to joke, trying to do my time, and I was like, "I don't know if you got the memo, but we're supposed to be here." He went straight to smashing bottles and charging the stage. Someone grabbed him, but after the show they were like, "He was probably going to try to literally kill you." [*Laughs.*]

After getting a psychology degree, your first job was at a residential treatment center, but it didn't go so well?

I didn't have the right temperament. I was fresh out of college, >>

with very little life experience. I got decent grades in school, but I also was a typical drunk all the time, out of my mind, living in an *Animal House* situation my senior year. Then right after that I got this job at this treatment center where you get low-level counseling experience, and these runaways would get picked up by the police and taken to our facility. They'd have like a five-day bed, and their parents or guardians would have to come and do three counseling sessions over five days before the kid could go back in the home. And these families were deeply troubled families, and meanwhile I'm still constantly getting blasted, high all the time, and I was like, *What am I doing? I have no kids. I have no fucking business being here.* And I knew that. A lot of counselors are very patient but won't really tell you like it is. They lead you a certain way to try to understand things, but a lot of those parents I was talking to were such pieces of shit that in my head what I wanted to tell them was, *Ya know what? Let your kid run away next time 'cause you're a garbage person.* I knew when I wanted to quit, after two instances. There was this kid who was going to court for molesting some younger siblings, and he was trying to get sympathy from me, like, "I hope the judge is gonna give me a break 'cause I've had a hard life." That's a sore spot for me, and I said, "You're lucky I'm not the judge because I would execute you." [*Laughs.*] He was like, "You're not supposed to say that," and I was like, "Well, that's how I feel." And some other kid was trying to act out, and he kept trying to kick me in the nuts. He eventually got me, kicked me right in the balls, after I warned him several times not to. He was probably 17, and I was 22, but I grabbed him and bounced him off the wall and was like, "Don't you fucking do that again." He was like, "You're not supposed to put your hands on me," and I told him, "You have no idea how little they pay me and how little I give a shit about this job."

MY 30s WERE A FUCKING NIGHTMARE, BUT I DIDN'T GIVE UP. YOU KEEP YOUR HEAD DOWN AND KEEP TRYING, AND SOMETIMES IT TURNS AROUND.

Then on to your comedy career, which your own website described as, initially, a failure both "personally and professionally."
I think that's what people ended up liking about *Timesuck* and my other podcasts, that it wasn't a ploy. I wasn't trying to get people to like me. I just hate that we live in a society where everybody puts their highlights on Instagram, fluffs themselves up, and I was just honest that after my divorce I wasn't doing well. I was with CAA for a while, and they put me up for a lot of auditions, but none of them stuck. I had a special on Comedy Central, but that didn't rate well, and they didn't want to work with me anymore. My career was in the toilet, and I was having a hard time recovering from the divorce, plus I got a DUI and was fucked up all the time, so no, it wasn't a good look. Luckily, I turned things around. I think it's nice for people to see too. The last five or six years have been good for me, personally and professionally, but that came in my 40s. I think that that resonates with people. Ya know, in my 20s things were going pretty well. My 30s were a fucking nightmare, but I didn't give up. You keep your head down and keep trying, and sometimes it turns around.

Do you still drink?
I don't get hammered anymore, at least for the last couple years. I think the drug policies are crazy in this country, but I'm a big psychedelic guy now—that's my preferred intoxicant, mushrooms, acid, DMT, that kind of stuff. And a fair amount of weed. Plus, it's weird to say—it's so taboo—but coke and things, like, yeah?! I like it. I'm not gonna do it all the time. I'm not gonna do it with some random person—not anymore! [*Laughs.*] But I like to experiment. DMT is the active ingredient in ayahuasca. Not legal at all, a real powerful psychedelic, but just a short duration, which is why some people like it. You'll lose touch with reality for like eight to ten minutes, with your mind going all over the place. There's another one similar to DMT, a toad venom that I've done, and that one is ridiculously powerful. That's like a whole other class of drugs. This Colorado River toad just secretes it out of its skin. People would lick the toad and have a very intense trip. I closed my eyes and went to another planet for about ten minutes, thought all kinds of crazy stuff. The only one that scares me is iboga. It comes from an African tree bark, I think, and it's a 24-hour trip they recommend you do in a hospital bed, where you are strapped down, because you are out of your fucking mind for 24 hours. I don't skydive, so this is how I needlessly risk my life.

Tell us about your podcasts.
I used to have four, but I'm down to two now, *Timesuck* and *Scared To Death*. *Scared To Death* is a more traditional, classic paranormal, "this supposedly happened" type of scary story thing. We got sound beds we put underneath it to make it sound more scary, but it's me just sharing supposedly true tales of exorcisms, poltergeists, possessions, shadow people, alien abductions, anything along those lines, seeing if I can scare my wife and the audience. Then my wife shares with me some fan-submitted horror stories. It's like campfire tales. *Timesuck* is deep dives on…could be anything, but cults, conspiracies, serial killers, important historical figures, and then to make these subjects more interesting, we try to add a lot of humor, very dark, very irreverent humor. If you're an uptight person, you will fuckin' *haaaate* it.

You sell a lot of merch on your website, including T-shirts of Keanu Reeves labeled "Canoe Reeves"?
Yeah, that was a joke that comes from growing up in a tiny little town in Idaho, where you're not really connected to pop culture in the same way. I legitimately thought that's how you pronounced Keanu >>

IS ANYONE OUT THERE?

Reeves' name until I was about 20. No one corrected me for years; no one fucking bothered to tell me. I'd be like, "Oh, yeah, I love Canoe," so when I said it on my show, people thought it was funny, and our art guy made the shirt.

Tell us about your new special *Trying to Get Better*.
The title comes from a line in the show when I'm talking about line etiquette at the grocery store, and at one point I scream, "I'm trying to get better." I did think that sorta fit the whole vibe of the show: As I'm getting older, I'm trying to evolve and not become part of the problem, not be part of the vocal minority of polarized opinions that are making society a mess right now.

Did you produce it yourself?
Yeah. I did five albums with Warner Bros. and a few specials with them when I was younger, and it was good for the time. But then what happens with these streaming services and platforms, you have this label negotiate on your behalf. They make decisions you wouldn't necessarily want to make. Some of those decisions led to my catalog being removed over a publishing rights battle on like Spotify and places, and I didn't want that. I was like, "I don't care about that—just let people hear my shit." The only way you can protect yourself now is to own your own material. That was the motivation there, and unless they threw a *stuuupid* amount of money at me, I don't think I'd ever do that again. I mean, yeah, if Netflix threw a lot of money at me, I'd suck Netflix's dick.

You have no problem in your shows or in your life tossing around words like *cunt*?
No, for me I would literally use any word. It's all about context. I hate that mentality that you're not supposed to say that word. I say you're giving that word too much fucking power if you're making an absolute don't-use-it maxim. I do think there are certain ways you shouldn't say it, but I hate that attitude, which is why I hate the far left, the whole you-can-say-this, you-can't-say-that. It's fucking ridiculous. You're putting too many emotions into all these words that aren't inherently emotional.

You just said 'I hate the far left,' so I should give you a chance to address the far right.
Oh, I don't like them either. For me, there's a mean streak in the far right, just a lack of empathy toward a few things, and also like that whole conspiracy world… The fact we have people in office who actually entertain things like QAnon is fuckin' insane to me. It's like these conspiracies that are so outlandish, and they all boil down in some way to religion. It's all magical thinking, and I don't like that in government, I don't like that in general in life. It's, like, you keep your crazy Sky Daddy thoughts away from my rights.

"…YOU KEEP YOUR CRAZY SKY DADDY THOUGHTS AWAY FROM MY RIGHTS."

A great line in your special is that when it comes to restricting abortion, that's almost always done at the behest of men that "you get the feeling don't eat pussy."
And they seem sexually repressed. Or they're those moralists, like the televangelists who get caught. They're at the pulpit saying it's a sin to be this, a sin to be that. Meanwhile they're getting their dick sucked by some Filipino ladyboy, or they're doing blow off the tits of two other escorts. It's like, fuck off. Stop trying to regulate sexuality like that. H

Follow Dan on Instagram @dancumminscomedy and check out his hilarious special, Trying to Get Better*, on YouTube.*

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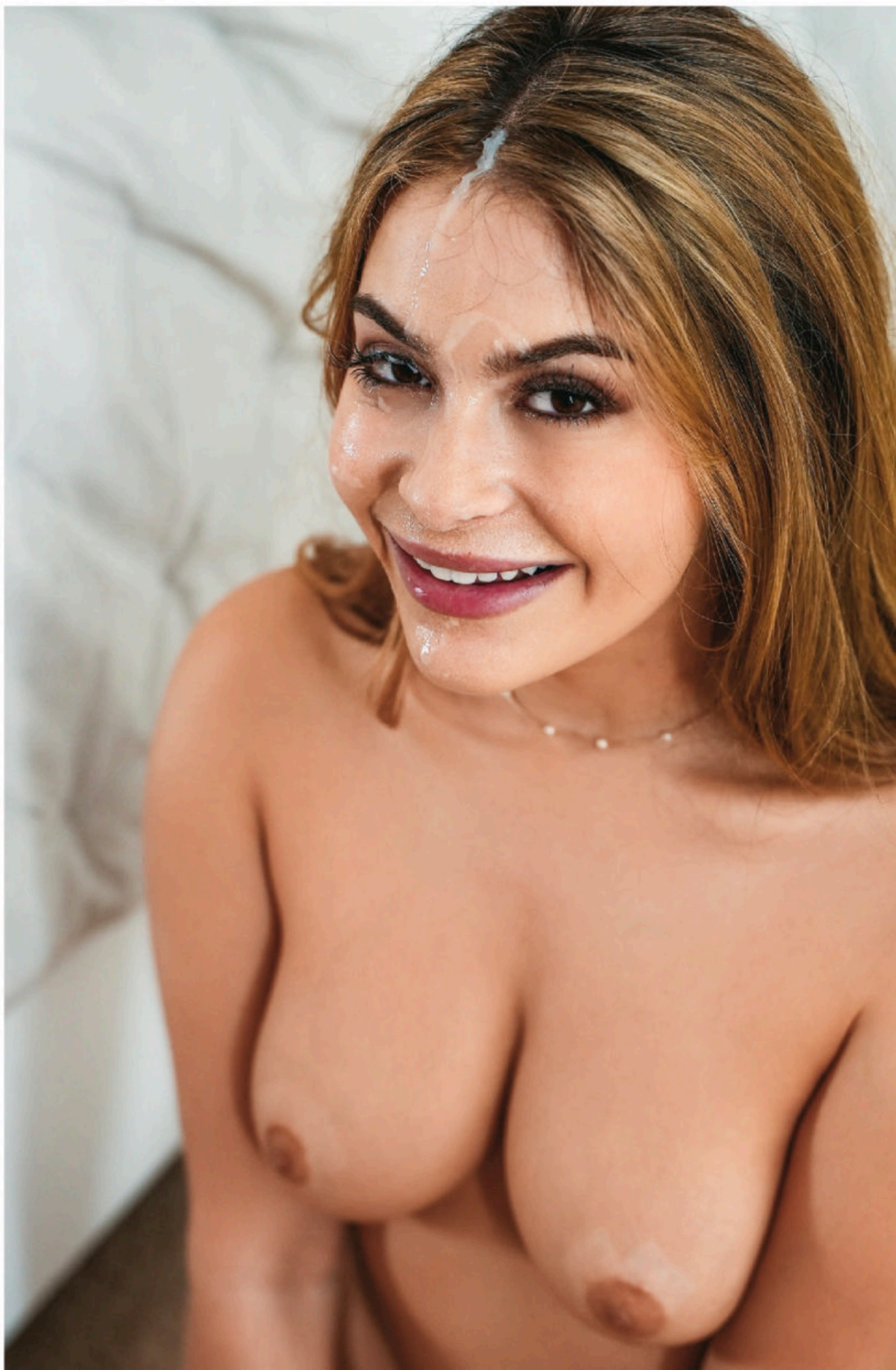

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"I always thought I'd be in movies," purrs tawny **Charlie Laine**, a former cheerleader from a small town in Wisconsin. "I just had no idea I'd be naked and having sex."

"I love to have sex all the time," confesses platinum-blond **Nevaeh**, a singing enthusiast who performed in high-school musicals in her native Chicago. "So why not get paid for it?"

Teaming up for this juicy layout was a high note for both hot-to-trot teasers. "It was easily the best day I've had in a while," **Charlie** chirps. "Nevaeh tastes so damn sweet!"

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GRETA FOSS

"Porn is my passion," professes Greta Foss, 27, from Prague, Czechia. "I love everything about it. I'm an exhibitionist. I enjoy being naked. I like to imagine that people adore me and what I do." In her free time the 5-foot-10 Eurodoll gravitates toward amusement parks, techno raves and swinger clubs, where she's never just a casual observer. "Everything I do in the porn industry I do for my own pleasure," Greta emphasizes. "I masturbated most of the day every day when I was a web model. There is a lot of sex in my life right now, but I still like to masturbate." She goes on to tell us, "With male partners my favorite poses are doggy-style and spoon because the maximum quantity of cock fits inside me. I also adore giving blowjobs, swallowing cum, double penetrations and gangbangs. The combination of absolute submission and dirty sex blows my mind." What's the best way for a guy to gratify Greta? "Fuck me hard and fast and don't stop till I start coming," she advises. "When he's ready to burst, I prefer anal or vaginal creampies. I like to watch sperm flow out of me, and I like to taste it after."

—Photos by Omnia Productions

"My hot dream is having sex with at least a dozen men, who blow my mind by stuffing my mouth, pussy and asshole with their big cocks and then showering me with sperm and pee."

Happy Birthday!

Beaver Hunt has showcased hundreds and hundreds of hotties in their birthday suits since 1976. Back for tantalizing peeks are six Beavers who'll be celebrating their birthdays in June. Anastasia Rose was a "curious" college student from Orlando, Florida. "My fantasy is a gangbang," she told us. "I want to be fucked in all my holes." Lisey Sweet from Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, asserted, "I love getting into all sorts of naughty trouble, like indulging in a cumfest with three or four guys." Zoey Sands—a "lifelong beach-bum hippie" out of Virginia Beach, Virginia—confided, "I'm bi and extremely wild and frisky." Porn vixen Viks Angel from Prague, Czechia, avowed, "It's gratifying being a submissive slut for an audience." Le.Lo was a "computer nerd" from Reno, Nevada, who dug "69ing, having a guy fuck my brains out in *his* favorite position and masturbating." Denver, Colorado's Ryan Taylor has been in the skin biz as a stripper, camgirl and fetish model. It's easy to see why she took home 2020's Beaver of the Year crown. Happy birthday, ladies!

ANASTASIA ROSE

LISEY SWEET

ZOEY SANDS

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LE.LO

"My partners quickly find out how kinky, adventurous and imaginative I tend to be. I love to spice things up!"

"I manifest my self-confidence and sexuality in a multitude of ways. Nude modeling is a fun one, but doing it in a well-respected publication like HUSTLER is an honor. It was high on my bucket list!"
RYAN TAYLOR

TORI SKYE

"I love having fun and doing something I've never done before," says Tori Skye, 31, an "open-minded" flight attendant from Somerville, Tennessee. "I sure had a great time getting buck naked for the first time with someone aiming a camera at me." The 5-foot-3 skin-mag rookie continues, "I'm loving life at the fullest. My hobbies are snowboarding, hiking, exploring, traveling and art." Tori isn't into social media, but she is very sociable, not to mention X-rated when it comes to hitting the proverbial hay and role-playing. "I'm bi-curious and very passionate," she relates. "I love reverse-cowgirl and doggy-style fucking, and I'm a squirter."

—Photos by Tony F.

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